

# THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING POST.

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## MYST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY OLIO STANLEY.

I.  
There's a time for the pulse to quicken,  
A time for the heart to thrill;  
For sorrow will never turn traitor,  
The next of the joy to fill.  
There's a time for laughter and dancing  
In the wide world, east and west;  
But when our gay laughter is over,  
There comes a time for rest.

II.  
There's a time for the sun to brighten,  
A time for the shadow to fall;  
A time for the blackbird's call,  
A time when the roses bloom;  
Through the wide world, east and west;  
But when the daylight is over,  
There comes a time for rest.

III.  
There's a time when the young heart knoweth  
The joy that the sage knows;  
The joy that the world's gray of the twilight  
In the world's red glow;  
Through the wide world, east and west;  
But when the daylight is over,  
There comes a time for rest.

IV.  
There's a time for the bird to blossom,  
A time for the leaf to fall;  
A time for the birth of a mortal,  
And death must come to all;  
Through the wide world, east and west;  
But when the daylight is over,  
There comes a time for rest.

## THE TREASURE SEEKERS. A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY BURE THORNBURY.  
AUTHOR OF "THE TOST BROTHERS," "THE  
AYAR," "THE TOST BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XII. SYDNEY HALE.

Auria Melford was an orphan and an heiress. By the terms of her father's will, his friend Sydney Hale became the guardian of her estate so long as she remained unmarried. Her home had been in Boston, but the death of her aunt left her alone, and rendered her removal to New York necessary—her guardian advising her to leave the former city, and take up her residence under his own roof.

Clement, he wrote, was a goodly habitation, but gloomy for lack of youthful presence; he needed her society; she would find female companionship in the person of his housekeeper—an individual of no mean culture for one of her position; and taking it all in all, he thought his ward would be pleased with the change.

And so Auria, young, inexperienced, and trusting, having no relatives with whom she could take up her abode, went. It seemed proper that she should, and having no other choice she did not hesitate. She had seen little of her guardian—knew little of him, except that he had been her father's friend—which of itself was a high recommendation—that he was a merchant of good standing, and that he held a place in the highest social circles of the city.

But Sydney Hale, though prosperous and successful as the world judges men, was neither exemplary in his conduct nor happy in his condition. His heart was hard, his disposition gloomy and aversive, and his whole life lonely.

In the library of his mansion he sat alone one evening, some weeks after the arrival of his beautiful ward under his roof. He was tall in person, though of unassuming and stooping frame; his dark eyes were deeply set beneath a low and narrow forehead; but, half-hidden as they were under heavy shadows, their restless, greedy gleam was not to be concealed. His thin features were of an aristocratic cast, if by that description can be conveyed the idea of haughty rather than of true, manly pride. In dress no evidence of his gaudy aversion was to be observed, for his attire was always rich and fashionable. He was a miser in broadcloth and velvet. A dark vest of the latest material he usually wore, and his debilitated heart that its softness covered a heart that was adamant itself when an appeal for mercy or forbearance was to be heard.

How such a man came to be entrusted with the care of the property and person of Herman Melford's daughter we cannot wholly explain. Perhaps it was gratitude for a great service rendered him—selfishly it is true—that caused Auria's father to select Sydney Hale as manager of her immense estate. Hale was avaricious and designing, Melford generous and unassuming, letting the memory of one good deed blind him to the unworthiness of him who merely to advance his own interests had performed it. He had heard whisperings against the integrity of his scheming housekeeper, but he refused to credit them, declaring that they were false or prompted by business jealousy. One merchant dwelling in Boston and the other in New York, their intercourse had never been of that frequent and intimate character which would necessarily reveal their real natures fully to each other. And so it may have been that, judging the whole man by one apparently generous and self-sacrificing act, Herman Melford had decided that his friend was worthy of the trust. Besides, the man he chose for his daughter's guardian was on the downward path of years, unmarried, and without temptation to do other than with honesty and fidelity kind toward his ward. To the dying parent he seemed a most fitting person to be entrusted with the responsibility of attending to Auria's material interests.

But he did not know Sydney Hale; neither did the world, though by many a more accurate estimate had been made of his character. Some said that Hale had intrigued for the office of executor of Melford's estate, and though the accusation was not to be proved, it was a just one.

He had intrigued, and most successfully. He had intrigued to his over-trusting friend that Auria would be chosen to inherit his own wealth—"to whom else could he leave it?" Melford, rejoicing that his child would thus be doubly provided for—what parent is not ambitious for his offspring?—died, asking her to look upon Sydney Hale as one who would be to her a second father.

For a few months succeeding her father's death the sorrowing girl resided in her old home, with an aunt. A fresh grief having been caused her, as we have stated, by the loss of this relative, she accepted the invitation of her guardian to come as a daughter to his home.

We have said that he was accounted miserly. So he truly was, but not in small things. His policy was shaped quite differently from that of the petty skinflint, though the spirit that ruled him was the same. The more he obtained the more he asked, and he piled up his riches, with little enjoyment of them but the barren and selfish one of possession. With this insight into his character and this explanation of the circumstances that led to Auria Melford becoming an inmate of his home, we return to the merchant in his library.

A look of deep thought, of perplexity and displeasure was on his brow. He rang the bell, and a servant appearing, he desired that Auria come to him there.

In answer to his request, she soon entered the apartment, a look of inquiry showing in her countenance.

"Good evening, my child," he said, rising to receive her. "Be seated, please."

He motioned her to a sofa, and when she had placed herself on it, he continued:

"I have sent for you, Auria, to have a confidential talk with you. Since your arrival I have been much engaged, and have not seen you so frequently as I have desired. I trust you do not imagine that I am lacking in courtesy and fatherly feeling toward you."

"Oh, no, Uncle Sydney," she interposed. (That was the title by which she addressed him.) "I know your business cares are many, and I have not felt myself in the least neglected."

"That is right, my child. This is your home. You are practically its mistress, and I am glad you already find ways to interest yourself in it. Do as you please, Auria. Mrs. Mount will not object. I am sure, for she is fully informed as to your position here, and is very deferential to my wishes."

"In some respects," he might have added, "I am sure, for she is very kind."

"Thank you, uncle, you are very kind, as is Mrs. Mount also. I find her a pleasant companion, and I will endeavor to make myself in every way agreeable to her."

"You will succeed, I doubt not. And now is the particular object of this interview. In the first place, Auria, I must tell you that Gilbert Dunston is in the city."

The face of the beautiful girl instantly filled with a look of unpleased surprise.

"Gilbert Dunston?" she exclaimed in a tone expressive of no pleasure at the announcement.

"Yes," pursued the guardian. "He is in the city—he has been here. The object of his coming was to request formal permission of me to visit your mother's estate. He is a close friend of your mother's, and you are not pleased, my child, with this information?"

The expression of Auria's countenance was sufficient answer to the question.

"I have only to say, uncle, that I hope Mr. Dunston did not receive the permission he sought. I have already intimated to him that his company is not agreeable, and yet he persists in thrusting himself upon me. His conduct is hardly gentlemanly to say the least. I formed his acquaintance in Boston many years ago."

He gave her a history of that.

"A correct one, I trust. Why should he follow me hither and attempt to continue the acquaintance when he is well aware that I do not desire his society?"

"You seem quite decided in your dislike to him, Auria. The explanation of his action may be that he—that he loves you."

The concluding words came hesitatingly from her guardian's lips as if he either hoped or feared that such was the case. His deep interest in the matter was unmistakable despite the attempted composure with which he made the suggestion.

"I do not think that he does, uncle," Auria answered. "But if he is unfortunately so interested in me, I must continue to express my indifference, not to say dislike, to him."

"He is handsome, cultivated and well-bred," said the merchant.

"I admit that he has outward attractions."

"He holds an excellent position in society. Obviously enough, as you may think, I have considerable knowledge of the young man, though I did not know until very recently that he was a friend of yours."

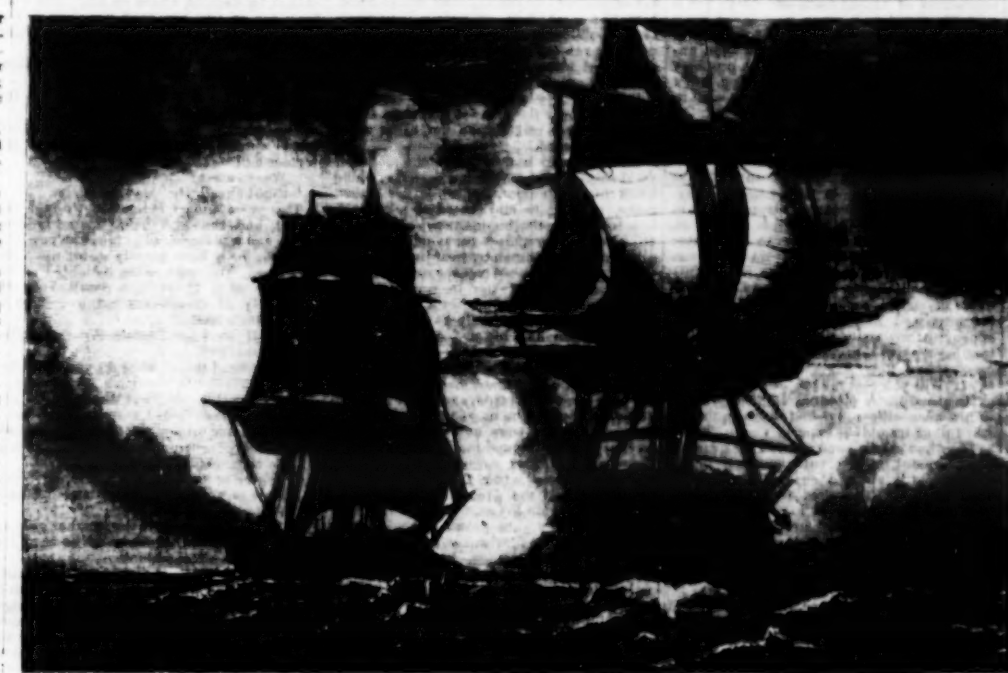
"I do not regard him as such," said Auria.

"You are apparently inveterate in your dislike to him. Well, as an acquaintance then. He himself was the first to inform me of the fact. You have never spoken of him to me, Auria."

"No, uncle; I have hardly had opportunity, you know. Besides I wished to forget him as I hoped he would forget me. You did not grant him the permission he sought?"

"Of course not, my child, without seeing you in relation to the matter. I have no reason to suppose Gilbert Dunston to be other than an honorable man—a little fast, perhaps, as the phrase is—but knowing nothing of your previous intercourse I necessarily was not ready to accord to him the high favor he asked until I had consulted you. I therefore neither granted nor refused it."

"Then he will certainly renew his re-



THE "BREAKER" CAPTURES A WEST-INDIAN MAN.

quest, and when he does you will oblige us very much, dear uncle, by simply and directly expressing to him my determination to meet him again. Will you not?"

"I will save me the pain of such action."

"But why should you be so hard on the young man. You are of an age to enter society. Then you can hardly avoid meeting him. He will surely seek your company, and it might be well enough to give him that pleasure now."

"But he comes with such presumption as a suitor," replied Auria, half frowning, half smiling.

"He has not asked for your hand as yet, I presume?"

"Oh, no, not so bad as that," answered she, with a full smile. "But then, Uncle Sydney, that is one of those uncertainties that are sure to come."

"You are humorous, Auria," returned Mr. Hale.

The look of perplexity was still on his face, as indeed it had been from the first. Something in connection with the subject of Gilbert Dunston's request evidently troubled the merchant. After a pause of a few minutes he resumed:

"You had better permit the young man to enjoy your company occasionally, my child. You need not marry him if he does ask you to. Perhaps you are wrong in your conclusion as to his intentions."

"It would delight me to feel so, I am sure."

"In any case," continued her guardian, "his visits could not be more objectionable than those of Captain Walter Arneton."

He looked keenly at her. He had spoken boldly, and watched for the effect of his words. Auria Melford was startled almost to her feet by this abrupt and meaning reference to the young captain. A quick, but flush suffused her face.

Had an electric shock been suddenly administered to her she could not have been more disturbed. Before she had overcome her emotion, her guardian again spoke:

"You may think that I am harsh, Auria, but I will speak plainly with you. This is another matter I wish to settle. I am displeased to learn that you have received as an equal in this house, a young man without my knowledge or consent, a young man of whom you know nothing."

"Hold, uncle!" cried the fair girl, her features glowing with indignation.

"You are unjust. Permit me to explain."

"I am listening," he said; but his tone was cold as if he had previously prepared himself to persist in his displeasure.

"In the first place, then, Captain Arneton when he first appeared under this roof asked for the master of the house, of whom he would undoubtedly have requested permission to see me, had such a request been at all necessary under the peculiar circumstances of the case. You know, Uncle Sydney, that I am indebted to him for my life."

"And I trust you are deeply grateful."

"Auria thought she properly averted her face in his tone, if not in the words.

"I trust so," she responded with gentle dignity. And then she went on with her explanation:

"You were absent that evening, uncle, and what could I do?—what could I desire to do but to receive and entertain the brave young sailor, who is also a gentleman, I can truly say."

"But he repeated his visit."

"Yes, at my cordial invitation. Unfortunately you were again absent, and I did as before."

"Not forgetting to renew your invitation to him to call again?"

"Auria blushed, but answered with a radiant look on her glowing features:

"I certainly did not forget that courtesy. You have not forgotten, uncle," she added, "that I am privileged by you to invite my friends to come here as to my home."

"I do not forget that. But this young man—what is he? What is he?"

"Captain Grey, of the Berham—a true gentleman, you will admit—was kind enough

to secure me of the young man's worth and respectability."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hale.

"Captain Arneton's appearance of itself sufficiently attests his respectability, I should say," remarked Auria.

"You are young and romantic, my child, and half in love, I fear, already with this noble youth. He answered unmistakably."

"Uncle!" spoke Auria Melford in a tone that caused him to pause. "Uncle," she repeated, "you are unjust. Has not Captain Arneton, aside from risking his life in the work of saving a shipload of human beings from a dreadful death, performed for you an important material service? If the preservation of the life of your ward was little, perhaps you will acknowledge that the saving of the Berham and her cargo was something to be grateful for."

Sydney Hale winced at these cutting words, but he was made, moreover, to realize his baseness in attempting to cover her visitor with false reproach. Auria had spoken more bravely than he respectfully perhaps, but indignation for the time obtained the mastery over her.

Her guardian, recovering himself, replied:

"Certainly I grant that the young man has acted nobly, that is an over-enthusiastic admirer would regard the matter. But I always look at these things coldly. It was probably his mere love of adventure that impelled him to assist you—he had not thought of the humanity of the thing and all that."

Auria Melford looked at the speaker in amazement. The character of her guardian was being rapidly revealed to her, and in so generous light. She listened almost in pity to her first and her guardian's low views of a noble act, as he went on:

"It is best to regard such an enterprise in its business aspect. Those fellows were after the spoils or the rewards—why Redmond, the wrecker, has no other occupation. I have inquired into the whole matter. It was well managed, I must say. I sent a request to Captain Arneton to call at my office—and when he came I placed in his hands, to distribute among his assistants, a sum which I regard as entirely cancelling my obligation to them. That is the way always do. Of course I offered the young man a special present, which, however, he declined to accept."

"May I ask the amount?" inquired Auria.

"Certainly, one hundred dollars," answered the merchant, not in the least shocked at the mention of the sum.

His ward said nothing, but she mentally exclaimed:

"One hundred dollars for the preservation of a richly freighted ship! What manner of man is Sydney Hale!"

She did not attempt to defend her previous services against the charge of being mercenary. She felt that her guardian had judged of himself, and her heart grew cold at this revelation of his littleness of soul forced itself upon her.

"And now, Auria," he said after a few moments' silence, "let me request that you drop the acquaintance of this young captain. He is no fit associate for you. Captain Grey has a knowledge of a portion of his history, which I am sure he withheld from you. He is of obscure origin—in fact, a shadowy man over his birth, and he would not be received in society."

"Uncle, you wrong him, I am sure, you wrong him bitterly," cried the maiden, her generous nature rising in indignation at the hard and slanderous words she had listened to. "I cannot, without raising my voice in his defence, bear such mention of Walter Arneton. Whatever may be the misfortune of his life, I believe his faults are few. He is brave, generous, intelligent, says more accomplished; a gentleman and the peer of the best."

"Auria!" spoke Sydney Hale, sternly. "You are infatuated with this young man. Gratitude has made him a hero in your eyes—a lover he will doubtless soon presume to be if you in the least encourage his advances."

But as your guardian I must tell you that I can never approve of your intimacy—your acquaintance even with him. He must be introduced by you hereafter, even if I am forced to adopt severe measures to secure his visit. I would be to you as a father, but you must in this matter respect my wishes."

"I cannot give up my friendship for Walter Arneton," said Auria firmly.

"Your friendship! how long would it be friendship? It is weak, foolish love already, born of natural gratitude. Do you?"

"Uncle Sydney, this interview is becoming very painful to me. I am not a child to be forced and threatened. You are guardian of my estate, and in a measure of my person, but you are not my master. I would be a daughter to you, but you must not attempt to deprive me of my reasonable rights. I regret extremely that I am compelled to appear disinclined, but I cannot agree to submit to dictation in matters that concern my individual interest, solely and vitally as it is."

And with these brave, womanly words, uttered with all dignity and respect both to herself and her guardian, Auria arose as if waiting permission to leave the room.

"One moment, my child," said Sydney Hale, also rising.

His voice was calm, almost kind; it had suddenly lost its tyrannical pitch. He had discovered the sort of spirit he had to deal with, and knew that a dictatorial course would prove disastrous to his plans.

"One moment, Auria," he repeated. "We will drop this subject for the present. I will leave you to reflect upon this expression of my wishes. I have one more communication to make to you, and then you may rest. I am expecting a visitor in a few days—one in whom you will find an acceptable companion and friend. The person I refer to is my son."

Auria Melford was more than astonished at this announcement.

"Your son?" she exclaimed with a look of wonder. "I never knew you had a son. I never heard you speak of him—I never heard papa speak of him. I was not aware that you were married."

Sydney Hale smiled—a strange, quiet smile at her remark.

"No, you never heard me mention my marriage nor speak of my boy. It is a sad story I have to tell you. Will you listen or do I detain you? Another time will do as well."

"I will hear you now, uncle, if you please," she said, resuming her seat.

The merchant also seated himself, and shading his brow with his hand, appeared for a few moments to be absorbed in reflection. Auria waited patiently for him to break the silence, but meanwhile with her own thoughts in connection with this new revelation.

At last her guardian spoke:

"As I said, my dear, the story of my early life is a sad one, but I will make it brief—too brief perhaps for your satisfaction. In my early manhood—before I knew your father—I was married to a lovely girl who lived to bear me two children, both boys. I lost my wife and my eldest boy in the short space of a month—the former by death, the latter as I believe by the malice of an enemy. I will not pain you with the particulars of the case. Suffice it to say that my son, whom I loved as a father seldom loses his child, disappeared, and I have never heard of him since. His fate is a mystery to me. I have sought for him everywhere but found him not nor any trace of him. He may be alive, but I long ago gave up the hope of ever seeing him. Few ever knew—how now know, or at least remember the history of my loss. I dwell at the time of my boy's abduction in a distant city. The place I often visit, but I have not spoken on the subject of my grief to any human being, except yourself this evening for many years. I did not even tell you father outside the facts, for somehow I grew to hate the mention of my sorrow. I buried my dead past, and removed to other scenes, changing entirely my own associations. Thus it came that I never made mention of my marriage, nor of the events that followed, to your father, nor to any one."

He paused and sighed. Auria like one in a dream had listened to the painful recital. As yet she hardly comprehended what she had heard. It seemed very strange to her to know that her father had regarded his friend as a bachelor, when the facts were so different. It implied a lack of true friendship on the part of her guardian toward her parent. His explanation did not satisfy her. Her sympathies had been aroused, however, and she gazed with a sort of wondering pity upon the man before her, who had thus laid the secrets of his heart open to her view. Why he had chosen to relate to her the mournful experiences of his life, after having so long maintained a silence upon the subject, she had not yet time to ask herself.

"My second son," resumed her guardian, "has also been lost to me for many years, but not so my other child has been. Auria, fate has dealt mercifully with me, I think. The world calls me prosperous and rich, but it errs if it thinks me happy. I cannot truly explain to you at present the cause of my younger son's long absence from my home; but you will rejoice with me, I am sure, now that he is about to be restored to me."

"I do, indeed, uncle," said Auria with deep feeling, though wondering and confounded still. "I congratulate you upon the happy event, and would not have you further pain yourself by a statement of the circumstances that have accompanied this long and sad separation."

"Thank you, my child. You shall hear all in good season."

"When does your son return?"

"In a very few days at the furthest. The exact period of his arrival is uncertain."

"And you have not seen him since his infancy?" asked Auria in a tone of deepest sympathy.

"I said not that, my dear girl. I have seen him at intervals, but it was little joy to meet him."

"Has he been unfortunate?" wondered the fair girl.

"Yes, Auria; that is it. An infirmity that is now happily removed from him has been the cause of his existence. But the clouds are breaking for him and for me, and I trust that the latter part of my life will have more of sunshine in it. I have waited long in the hope of better things, and now fate indeed seems kinder. You will be pleased with my son—my Henry."

Auria's feelings seemed stirring in his bosom, and in her delight at seeing him so changed and happy Auria forgot his recent exhibitions of an ungrateful, sordid and imperious nature.

"And now, my child, you may retire. I have wearied you I fear, and you and I have in this particular offended you. Think of all I have said; take my counsel in the direction I have specified if you can bring your judgment to approve of it, and rest as you would a father. Good night, and do not carry too much of the memory of this interview into your dreams."

She bade him adieu for the night, and retired immediately to her chamber, for it was quite late. But she found it impossible to sleep from her mind the subject of that interview. It took her a day or two to compose in any degree the thoughts thus awakened.

CHAPTER XIII.  
LOVE'S WORK.

Several days elapsed from the date of Auria's interview with her guardian, and still his son, so long and so mysteriously absent from her father's home, did not make his appearance. Auria was annoyed by Mr. Hale, that the young man's coming could not much longer be delayed, though he offered no explanation of the cause of his non-arrival.

The maiden ventured no inquiries, being content to await in patience whatever knowledge might come to her in relation to this whole mysterious matter.

Mr. Hale sent for his housekeeper one evening and gave her orders that her apartments prepared for permanent occupancy by one who was about to become a member of the household.

This was the first intimation Mrs. Mount had received of the expected addition to the family. She was much surprised and surprised to learn the fact—but when Mr. Hale quietly informed her that the individual coming was his son, her astonishment was almost indomitable.

"Your son?" she exclaimed, in her amazement. "I never knew you had a son. Mr. Hale—nor that you were ever married."

"Of course, Mrs. Mount," he coolly said, "this announcement occasions you great surprise—but I trust you will recover from it in time to make the needed preparations for the young man's reception. He is my son, and that fact for the present is sufficient. The world will doubtless wonder why I have chosen to let it remain in ignorance of my domestic relations, but it may wonder, I have not made a mystery of the matter. I have only maintained a silence. Years ago I was united in honorable marriage to a worthy woman; and the young man who will soon arrive at Clement, is the offspring of that union. Circumstances have rendered it necessary that he should dwell away from my home, but now that he is about to enter it, I hope you will do your part to make it agreeable to him. You may as."

Thinking he waited for her to leave the room, and then resumed her seat and indulged in a number of those periods of troubled reflection which of late had become quite common to him.

Mrs. Mount sought her chamber, in a mood of mind never known to her, in which Auria Melford had left the library a few evenings previous.

"A strange man—a strange man," she muttered, "and he always was since I have



known him, but I think his acquaintance in-  
creased. What a wife! He will be  
bringing a wife to Cleveland, and maybe two  
or three more children. Well, the old place  
seems more cheerful, and there's room for  
all."

Mrs. Mount was a widow, and had lived at  
Cleveland many years. She was a pleasant,  
pleasant-looking woman, with a good deal of  
gray in her hair. Her long service  
in the household had secured her a position of  
trust. Arie had been attracted toward  
her, and confided in her as one to be trusted  
and even loved. The wife's good sense  
and unobtrusive attentiveness, and with  
her natural refinement, had quite won upon  
the orphan's heart.

The next day the two were in the sitting-  
room alone.

Arie rose from the housekeeper's manner

that something unusual had occurred, and

she divined that the secret her guardian had

imparted to her, had also been made known

to Mrs. Mount.

"We are to have a new-comer in Cle-

mont, Miss Arie, as I suppose you know,"

she remarked with a meaning smile.

"Then Uncle Symonds has chosen to ac-

quaint you with the fact," returned Arie. "I

was long to inform you of it myself, but I

thought it best for my guardian to make

the revelation himself."

"It is very strange," said the widow. "I

always supposed Mr. Hale was never mar-

ried."

"That was the general impression," spoke

the widow. "Uncle Symonds has given me a

partial history of the circumstances that

led to the conclusion of the fact of his

marriage, and perhaps it is not to be won-

dered at that he preferred to make no men-

tion of the subject to his guardian. He was

unhappy in his domestic relations—of, at

least, a facility seemed to bring him misery,

and a morbid bitterness of feeling he con-

stantly manifested. He is a peculiar man,

as I need hardly observe to you, Mrs.

Mount."

"He is, indeed," agreed the housekeeper.

"I have lived at Cleveland many years, and

I have had opportunity to acquaint myself

with the character of his master. Pardon

me, Miss Arie, if I speak with too much

freedom, but I must say that I do not alto-

gether admire it. Yet Mr. Hale has always

been respectful and kind to me. Some call

him hard hearted and avaricious; you may

know that he is a money lender as well as a

merchant. But it is not for me to complain;

he has been just to me, and I am free. I only

wish that he is not so peculiar."

Her sister sighed. She felt that Mrs.

Mount had not erred in her estimate of Sym-

onds Hale's character, and the memory of that

past interview in the library, came up to

her with new force.

"The widow went on to express anew her

surprise at the strange conduct of the mer-

chant in being so reticent in respect to the

fact of his marriage and the existence of his

son, and then began speculating as to the

character of the young man. Arie had had

reason to be made, though she did not wonder

in the least at her companion's repeated ex-

pressions of wonder, surprise and curiosity.

When the good woman had to a measure

been relieved herself, the two separated, and

Arie went to her room, and found a note

from her guardian, which she found to be

of a friendly nature, and she was glad to

find that he was not so peculiar as she had

thought him to be.

The next day Arie had opportunity to

say to her—

"I have received a note of invitation from

my friend, Mr. Hale, to visit him at his

place at the end of the week. He has pro-

posed that I should go, and I am glad to

accept of his invitation. Therefore, if you

will, please to let me know if you will

accompany me. I am sure you will, and I

am sure you will find it a very pleasant

trip. I am sure you will find it a very

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**STAND FIRM.**

### THE SUMMER VACATION.

58 "In the absence of globes, how do you illustrate the shape of the earth to your students?" asked a committee of a school board. "I shows 'em my head," was the reply.

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

"LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE."

And, do. But I suppose when Adam  
lived in the garden of Eden, their  
swimming poolside used to bark at the  
fish. And still the moon shines serenely  
and still the pygmy bark.

Use the young lady merely as an ex-  
ample. It may be a young man who is au-  
thor, or a young girl who is a remarkable  
author, or a young scion of law—but what  
it is, or whatever the path that is  
in it if success follows, the A's, B's, C's  
are always on hand to cast their  
vote of spite, to bark, and snap, and  
snarl. They are everywhere, and in all

When they were seated in the pleasant parlor, Morton told his story.

'Just before the "Sea Bird" went down, I took to the boats; the one which I was had but a scant supply of provisions and

a hope that as the data went by some

"Didn't you get frightened coming here?"  
 "I'm sure, Helen, a little wickedly, it must be  
 feared."  
 "Oh, it was early then, you know," and so  
 she left her, to seek the retirement of her

The next morning, bright and early, Miss

"Indeed, you know more about it than I do, probably."

"Ah! now, Miss Weston, you need not pretend ignorance."

forte, you know—"

One Gen. E. M. Lee has a lecture prepared on "Four Years in the Saddle with Sheridan and Kilpatrick." It seems to us that that saddle must have been very much worn, and we do not see how they stood so long.

### WHAT TO DO IN A CASE OF SUN-STROKE.



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St. Paul, Minn., or at the  
Printing Office in the year, 1902, at 120  
Hudson Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

### WHICH?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY LOUISE SCHLEPPIN.

As yet it is the twilight hour, dimly glowing,  
Watching the shadows still faintly gleaming,  
Old faces and forms, long departed, arise  
From the past, and the heart is torn by the pain  
Of the love of a woman who was so true.

## GURTHIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MLLA WHEELER.

Miss Gurthie and I were lying up some  
trailing vines in the garden, when I saw  
Bert Winstanley standing up the path.  
Gurthie saw him too, and a beautiful flush  
passed over her pale, sickly face, making  
her really pretty for the moment.

I wanted to get away before he came; for  
I hated him—this Bert Winstanley, with his  
handsome, well-made figure, and his air of  
some excuse. Just then Gurthie asked me  
for the scissors, and I remembered leaving  
them in the kitchen.

"They are in the house," I answered. "I  
will go and get them."

I was standing at a tall stool, that had  
been brought out to enable me to reach to  
the top of the morning-glory pyramid, and  
as I made an agile spring to the ground, the  
stool slipped, and I should have fallen and  
perhaps injured myself severely, had not  
Bert Winstanley sprang forward and caught  
me in his arms.

I felt his clasp tighten almost fiercely, and  
his hot breath was on my cheek.

My face was flaming when I looked myself  
from his hold.

"Careless little girl," he said, as he let me  
go, and stood me upon my feet. "Careless  
little girl you will break your neck one of  
these days, if I am not by to prevent."

"Then we shall both die of broken  
necks," I retorted. "I might as well as  
pire to the elevated position in which you  
are destined to end your career; but misery  
loves company, and I should think you  
would like to have me die of a like complaint."

I did not wait to hear his reply, but  
bounded away, catching only the gleam of  
his bold, black eyes, as he sent one glance  
after me.

And as for me, I was glad to be out of the  
man's presence—and quite willing to leave  
him alone.

I hurried myself up in the rocker, and laid  
my head on the window-sill, and looked at  
the blue sky, dreamily; and wondered if  
Harry would be down that day.

Harry—Harry, in full—was my lover;  
he was a stalwart young fellow, living some  
five miles from the De Wolf, where he was  
my home, and it was more than a week since  
I had seen him.

I do not yet return. She expressed a wish  
for the scissors, and I volunteered to get  
them for her, thinking I might catch another  
glimpse of my gypsy queen. I have had not  
only a glimpse, but a kiss from her lip—the  
rougiest lip in the world, too. Now Miss  
Meg, will you hand me the scissors, and let  
me go, or shall I stay?"

I reached for the scissors, and handed  
them to him. "Take them," I said, "and  
go. But if you ever dare, Bert Winstanley,  
to insult me again, I will tell two people  
of it; two people who had better not know  
it for your sake, for one would revenge me  
by cheating you out of the fortune you are  
so sure of, and the other by applying a  
horse-whip to your dastardly shoulders."

He smiled slyly. "I have no fear of the  
former catastrophe," he said, "and as to the  
latter—why my position Meg, it would be the  
red-faced young rustic and not Bert Winstanley  
who would feel himself horse-whipped. No, no,  
dear, don't try to frighten me. And throwing a  
kiss he disappeared around the corner of the  
house."

I was fairly choking with hot anger.  
Red-faced young rustic, indeed! and he, Bert  
Winstanley, was not worthy to black Harry  
Ellis's shoes!—better a shoe than a man  
by sun and wind, that one bleached by mid-  
night orgies.

I went into the parlor a few moments  
later and from the window I saw Gurthie  
cutting some dead leaves and branches from  
a rose tree, and Bert leaning over her. He  
was playing his part well, and really seemed  
a very devoted lover, and Gurthie's face was  
flushed with that unusual bright glow that  
made her really pretty.

Alas! how she loved him! with all the  
ardor of a stronger nature, with all the  
passion of a first affection, she loved him, she  
worshipped him, his dark-faced young fortune-  
hunter. Knowing that she loved him so, and  
knowing how frail and delicate was her or-  
ganism, I dared not tell her what I knew of  
the man.

She had been a sickly child all her life, and  
her parents had never crossed her in any-  
thing, or denied her slightest wish.

In this matter, as in all others, she was to  
have her own way, though her father would  
have chosen a different tutor for his daughter.

Young Winstanley lingered an hour or  
two, and then went on his way. As he went  
out at the gate, Mr. De Wolf came in, ac-  
companied by a gentleman of higher rank  
bearing and fine appearance. He was a  
wealthy banker, and bore an excellent re-  
putation among his fellow men. This was the  
savior whom Mr. De Wolf would have gladly  
seen his daughter's husband. Gurthie and  
I were standing in the parlor, and Mr. Talbot  
was being entertained by his wife, Mr. De  
Wolf joined us.

"Arthur is here, Gurthie," he said, "and  
I would like you to treat him as cordially as  
you can. He is a noble fellow, and I wish  
you looked upon him with more favor. He is  
far superior to that young Winstanley."

"Father!" interrupted Gurthie in the  
petulant, annoyed tone that he knew so well.  
"Yes, yes, Gurthie," he continued sooth-  
ingly. "I know you think differently, and  
I respect your opinion, but I know nothing  
against young Winstanley, only I do not fancy  
his style, and I know nothing good of him. But  
of course if he loves you and you love him, I  
shall offer no objection. Still I would like to  
see you heart and hand upon Arthur Talbot,  
for he is one of nature's own nobles. Come  
into the parlor as soon as you can."

Mr. De Wolf went out and left us, and  
after a moment Gurthie followed him.

"That old man," she said as she went  
out, "how I wish it was you, Meg, he came  
to see. I suppose I must go in and treat  
him well to please papa, but it is such a  
bore. How strange that papa should like  
him better than he does Harry!"

Father and daughter both spoke their  
minds freely to me or before me. I was  
never sent out of the room when either had  
anything to communicate.

Harry came down that evening, and sit-  
ting together in the rocker, with the moon  
light falling around us in a shower through  
the open window, we planned our future,  
and I set our wedding day for the following  
autumn.

"The last week in October," I said, in  
answer to his pleading, "not before."

I think quite likely Miss Gurthie will be  
married about that time, and I have been  
with her so long I do not like to leave much  
before she does."

"It's young Winstanley, I suppose," Harry  
said, with a mischievous smile. "Do you  
know, Meg, I hate that fellow?"

"Why, what makes you?" I asked in sur-  
prise, for I had never told him a word of  
Harry's persecutions.

"I don't know," Harry said; "but I never  
saw his inside without feeling a desire to  
slap it. The fellow annoys me with his  
deceit, and the very glance of his wicked black  
eyes. I am sorry Miss Gurthie is going to  
throw herself away. Do you suppose he  
cares for her really? He is not the style of  
a fellow that I should expect Winstanley to  
fascinate."

"Nor does he," I answered. "It is her  
money he fancies, and in order to get it he  
is willing to take the girl. But Miss  
Gurthie, who would give him, and I believe it  
would kill her to give him up."

Mr. De Wolf came home from town a few  
days later and asked me a strange question.  
"What would you do, Meg, if you had a  
fortune of your own?"

We were sitting at supper table when he  
asked the question, and Gurthie and I both  
looked up in amazement.

"Why, let me think!" I answered, laugh-  
ing, and then, blushing, for I did not  
need to think. "I would marry the man I  
loved, and I would give him all I had, and  
I would move on to it next October, and we  
would have any number of horses and cattle  
and sheep."

"They all knew I was engaged to Harry,  
and I made no secret of it; that is what you  
would do?"

"Very sure, indeed," I answered. "But  
what made you ask such a question?"

I had just finished a long garden that  
went twice around my waist, over my shoulder  
and around my head, and was fastening it  
on, when I heard quick steps behind me,  
and Bert Winstanley swung himself to my  
side by the aid of a handkerchief. "Started  
to rise, but my arm hand held me down."

"No, my dear, you cannot go yet," he  
answered, very quietly. "I have been try-  
ing all the morning to catch you alone, and  
when Gurthie was called into the house, a  
moment since by her mother, I made  
haste to follow you."

"And I don't thank you for it," I cried,  
struggling vainly to free myself from his  
hold. "For I hate you, Bert Winstanley."

"And I love you, Meg," he answered, in a  
quick voice. "I love you, and there is no  
struggling against it; and I have come down  
here to ask you to marry me, Meg—to be my  
wife."

"Recall!" I cried, my face flaming with  
anger, and vain endeavors to get away from  
him. He held me like a vice, his arm  
slipped about my waist, and he drew me  
against his breast, and kissed me on my lips  
and cheeks.

"I love you—I love you," he cried, "my  
beloved! I love you, and I have you, and I  
would never say more than I mean, and I  
love you from now on, little one, don't struggle  
so, but name the day when you will be my  
wife!"

I lay passive in his arms for a moment,  
and then a sudden revulsion of feeling, a  
quick movement, wrenched myself free  
from him, and stood before him with blazing  
eyes.

"Dashed! coward!" I cried. "I would  
rather fall dead at your feet than ever become  
your wife. For there by the spring just  
below us stood Gurthie, looking up at us  
with the face of a corpse."

"Gurthie!" I cried in a fright, springing  
down to her side. "How came you here—  
how have you heard?"

"I was with her side, carrying the pail of  
water. Not a word was said by either of us.  
What could we say?"

In the hall we met Mr. De Wolf. Gurthie  
put her hand on his arm.

"Father," she said, not looking at him,  
but at me, "I have just heard that Bert  
Winstanley has just asked me to marry him. I  
have changed my mind—you may tell him  
yes, and I will marry him whenever you and  
he wish."

The look of pleasure on Mr. Talbot's face  
was not one of concern, as he looked at  
Gurthie.

"Gurthie, my child, what has happened?"  
he cried. "You are white as death, and  
your lips are blue."

"I am quite well; nothing ails me,"  
Gurthie answered, as she passed on to her  
room.

Mr. De Wolf stopped me as I was about to  
pass on.

"What is it, Meg?" he asked. "Has she  
quarrelled with young Winstanley, or what  
is the trouble?"

I knew it was right that I should tell him  
the truth, and I did. Just how Bert Winstan-  
ley had persecuted me for months, and of his  
words to me that day.

Mr. De Wolf's eyes flashed, and he clenched  
his hands.

"The miserable, low, dastardly villain!"  
he cried. "So it was Gurthie's money that  
he was after, was it? Well, I am glad her  
eyes are opened at last. It will be hard for  
her to get over it, but she has learned her  
lesson, she cannot fall of being happy."

Bert Winstanley presented himself at the  
De Wolf mansion a few days later, and was  
met by Gurthie's father.

"I come to explain," he said. "Your  
daughter overheard my jesting, bantering  
remarks to Miss Hunter, and seemed to  
think they were spoken in earnest. I want  
to see her, and make all plain."

"My daughter does not wish to see you,"  
Mr. De Wolf responded. "She is at the  
moment absent, and she cannot be reached."

Mr. Talbot, she and her mother are entire-  
ly lost to you, Mr. Winstanley, and he shut  
the door in his face. He did not come near  
the house again. But one evening in Sep-  
tember, as I was returning from the post-  
office, I came across a man who seemed to  
know me. He was going to pass him without  
a word, but he planted himself full in my  
path, and said, in a low, hissing voice:

"You may remember me, my pretty  
girl, and even as you will give me, but you  
cannot forget me; for I will give you a reason  
to remember me for your dying day." Then  
he stepped aside, and allowed me to pass on.

Miss Gurthie and I were to be married the  
next day. Mr. De Wolf and Gurthie were  
here it. It did not seem fitting to me, but  
Gurthie said she was to have a very quiet  
wedding, at home, with no display, and at  
last I consented. She insisted upon my  
having a flower girl, too, and I thought  
very much of it, and I did not regret that I  
looked in my mirror, the day of the wed-  
ding.

Gurthie was dressed in pure white, with  
not even a green leaf, or a bit of color any-  
where to relieve the dead pallor. There were  
white flowers in her hair, and she wore a  
veil, and I could not help thinking that she  
looked more as if dressed for the grave than  
for the bride.

—now the bride of two grooms, was laid out  
in her own array for the burial.

After she had been hidden from our sight,  
in the grave, and the stricken young widow  
had left us to find forgetfulness in travel,  
Mr. De Wolf handed me a folded paper, say-  
ing, "Here, my child, is the deed of the  
model farm, with all its machinery and  
buildings and stock."

And before I could speak, he went on—"A brother to your  
mother, who has always lived in splendid  
ease, died a year ago, and after his death  
it was ascertained that he had made a will,  
which he guarded like a miser. You are  
the only heir living, and of course it all  
falls to you. I had intended to keep it secret  
from you, and surprise you pleasantly, in-  
stead of being a source of grief. But the  
awful tragedy of that day, completely drove  
it from my mind."

I was as happy as I could be, after what  
had happened. After Bert Winstanley was  
sent to prison, it occurred to me what Gur-  
thie had been telling me that day in the  
garden. It was of the fortune that had  
fallen to me, and that explained his sudden  
proposal of marriage. He is serving out his  
life term in prison, while Harry and I are  
prospering upon our model farm.

## MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY FIMBEE BOAN.

WRITTEN BY "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOOD,"  
"VIOLET," OR "THE WOODMAN OF KINGS-  
WOOD CREEK," AND  
CHAPTER XI.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Foot Daisy!  
That declaration of love from the lips of  
Abel Sticks, who had been so long in the  
house, had been a great surprise to her.  
Perhaps, if they had been known to each other  
from childhood, and though separated by  
social distinctions, they had been reared to-  
gether, that they had often—very often—  
been in love, and that they had been in love  
by day he had looked upon her beauty as a  
pleasant sight—a creation to be admired,  
then loved, then worshipped; and that, all  
mashed, having outgrown his control, he had  
been forced impulsively, by the overwhelming  
nature, to reveal to her his secret passion.  
She had not been so much surprised, but she  
had been offended—certainly not hurt, wounded,  
or humiliated.

No woman with any brains or heart feels  
offended with a man, however humble he  
may be, who has been honest in her love.  
She may pity the "poor fellow," but she  
does not scorn nor disdain him, nor feel  
angry—provided he stops there.

The beautiful daisy who was pleased  
with the proposal of a husband, was per-  
mitted to light his "bamboo pipe at her  
husband's feet. It was only animated by a womanly  
feeling. It had been another thing if the  
daisy had tendered her his hand in wed-  
lock.

If Abel Sticks had merely "told his love"  
simply, as a thing which had grown with his  
growth and strengthened with his strength,  
and he despised because he knew that to  
expect a responsive feeling was utterly hope-  
less. Daisy would have been sorry—very  
sorry, but she would not have been hurt.

Modern philosophers tell us there are no  
innate feelings. At least Daisy had a con-  
viction—it was innate to her whence it  
originated—that she had been gently born,  
and that, though mystery surrounded her  
birth, she was not a child of the night, and  
among her immediate ancestors and dis-  
ciples, she had been a woman of the world.

Without the slightest attempt at logical  
reasoning, she, therefore, felt impulsively  
that Abel Sticks had not been merely of  
the sort in which he made it, but that he had  
unquestionably forced upon her an onerous  
indignity.

After she had in some degree recovered  
from the shock it had given her, she per-  
ceived more clearly than she had ever yet  
done the equivalent position she held in the  
house of Mark Jarrett, and she resolved to end it.

It was not enough that she had the protec-  
tion and aid of her strong-armed, brave,  
and true-hearted, Meggy, but she needed a com-  
panion whose countenance and presence would  
stand association with her would ensure her  
immunity from insult.

She thought, of course, instantly, of the  
offer that had been made to her from Mr.  
Jarrett, through Wilfred, and that she had  
not promptly determined to avail her-  
self of it.

She stirred herself with rapidly, but not  
without the valuable aid of the toilet-glass,  
and that her personal exterior should not dis-  
play the signs of neglect, and she dressed  
herself in her best, and she presented herself  
before Mr. Jarrett.

She would have been ready enough to be-  
lieve, if she had thought of it, that that  
city would place to her credit all the res-  
toration of her countenance, and that her  
instinctive perception of the man's face  
would not be so far from being a mother's  
as a perfect friend.

So, when she had completed her attire,  
and quietly quitted her room, glided down  
the stairs, and without knocking, opened  
it herself out at the open door—for the  
hall porter was absent, having stolen round  
to the side entrance, on the flimsy pretense  
of informing a pretty young still-room maid,  
going into the house that way, that two dis-  
tinctly remembered faces were waiting for  
her—she looked so lovely, far more lovely  
than she could have even wished herself to  
look.

But when well on her way to the Boksby  
mansion, which she had determined to find  
out, thinking of Wilfred more than of Mr.  
Jarrett—Wilfred, Wilfred, perhaps at the  
point of death—Wilfred, who she was really  
fond of—she suddenly conceived an idea  
that it would be scarcely decent for her to  
appear before him in such a state of dress as  
she was in, and she turned back, and she  
went to her room, and she changed her  
clothes, and she came down, and she was  
ready to go.

She was not alone when she went to the  
Boksby mansion, which she had determined to  
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strong as brandy. It was to restore her  
"protoplasm," that her physician ordered it,  
and she took it with unflinching regularity  
until, as said "protoplasm" demand-  
ed daily restoration.

Daisy being quite unacquainted with these  
matters, "protoplasm," and not heeding  
whether the beverage she was drinking was  
tea or brandy, advanced in her with a little  
more than her usual imprudence, expect-  
ing to be received with the accustomed  
gushing enthusiasm. To her unqualified  
astonishment, Miss Lois Gray, on learning  
her, raised her glass to her eye, and regard-  
ed her with the air of one who was almost  
confounded at the intrusion of an alien  
stranger.

I suddenly flashed through Daisy's mind  
that Miss Lois Gray had abruptly ceased  
visiting her—that she had not seen her  
heard from her in the interval.

She recalled before the "vacant stare"  
directed at her, and all the eloquent blood  
in her veins rushed into her cheeks and fore-  
head, and she said, a little faintly,  
"Lois—Lois—Miss—Miss Gray."

"A—yes," drawled "the most fashion-  
able lady of the day," continuing her stare  
as if Daisy were a young lady's maid, "some  
times she comes."

Daisy placed—yet burst more at this, and  
drew herself up to her full height. In a tone  
which in its turn was frigid and supercilious,  
she responded—

"It is inconceivable to me that Miss Lois  
Gray can have utterly forgotten her 'Dis-  
ciple.'"

"The most fashionable young lady of the  
day" shifted her position, but continued her  
direct stare.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, slowly. "Ah, Miss  
Gray—Miss Jarrett's Daisy—a—well!"

Daisy looked steadily and firmly at her,  
and she said, in a tone of cold, but not  
unpleasant, surprise. "What did this behavior  
mean? The person before her had been all  
playful, gossamer, gossamer, gossamer, and  
harmless, as if one may dare to be so  
with a word. Had she—had she—had she  
changed, and loved, and loved, and loved,  
and now to receive her in such a fashion! What  
could there be for it?"

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